COCKTAIL

NO. 3
$1

DRINKS ON THE HOUSE... YOUR HOUSE!

THE LADY WITH THE HOLLOW LEG

WHO'S BRINGING THE LIQUOR?

"I," MICKEY FINN

LIQUID MANHUNT

DICTIONARY OF DRINKING DAMSELS

COCKTAIL

VOL. 1 NO. 3

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Editorial

DUSK [illegible] 42nd Street. Lights blink on, and people flow steadily out of buildings. Imperceptibly the pulse of the city changes. It becomes at once both quickened and muted. There is a new softness and fresh sparkle in the air. Individually, people are moving toward their separate destinations, yet they are all going to the same place at once. The world is rushing to [illegible] embrace the Cocktail Hour.

The Cocktail Hour is every man's other mistress. They have an unspoken rendezvous each day when work is done and she never misses a date. She is always waiting to enfold him with her cool caress, to smooth his brow and murmur soft, secret things. Skillfully and swiftly she changes his mood. He came to her a tired and troubled man but she lifts the weights from his shoulders and puts wings on his feet. He leaves her refreshed, bolstered, comforted and eager to join the world again.

It is in this spirit that we offer you our Cocktail. It's a smooth blend that carries a big punch. The mixture is composed of laughter, fascinating conversation, and a magnum of beautiful wonder shaken briskly and poured out for you in these pages. And we part with a generous hand. So turn the pages and take a quick sip from this harmful Cocktail, then settle back, relax, and join us in this hour of all possible hours.

For us Cocktail Hour once again.

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DRINKS ON THE HOUSE ... Your House!

Exposed: The Fifth-flusher!

THE FIFTH-FLUSHER, gentlemen, is a four-flusher once removed. His distinguishing characteristic is that he confines his dubious and slimy talents to the art of cadging his way through life on free liquor. Since he is invariably a chronic and heavy consumer of alcoholic beverages, he leaves behind him a trail of hapless victims, suffering from the frustrating and infuriating suspicion that they've been had—and they have. Royally.

The truly talented Fifth flusher operates according to a firmly established pattern and if he finds you vulnerable to his first gambits, you will find yourself helplessly trapped for the whole works, from one shot to full Fifth. For this reason, every honorable drinking man should make it his business to learn the manly art of self defense against Fifth flushers.

The F.F. will make his first move on the day that you chance to walk into the bar where he's lying in wait for potential prey. You wander in, innocent as a newborn babe, cheerfully contemplating a heartwarming, soul warming, body warming drink that will put a liquid exclamation point to the day's work and refresh you for evening's play.

The instant you step through the door, the Fifth flusher springs to his feet and claps you on the shoulder with a joyful cry, even though you may only have had the most casual acquaintanceship with him until this moment. And well he should be joyful. He has just found himself a live one.

He will invite you effusively to join him at his booth. It should be noted here that the Fifth-flusher much prefers to operate from a booth than a bar stool for two reasons. One of them is that once you sit in the booth, you are comitted to his company through common decency, whereas the looser freedom of the bar would permit you to amble away from him and join someone else before he has finished with you.

The second reason is that, commonly, with a waiter serving at a booth, a check is presented after you've both fueled yourselves with as much firewater as you want, while at the bar it is customary to shell out for each round as the bartender

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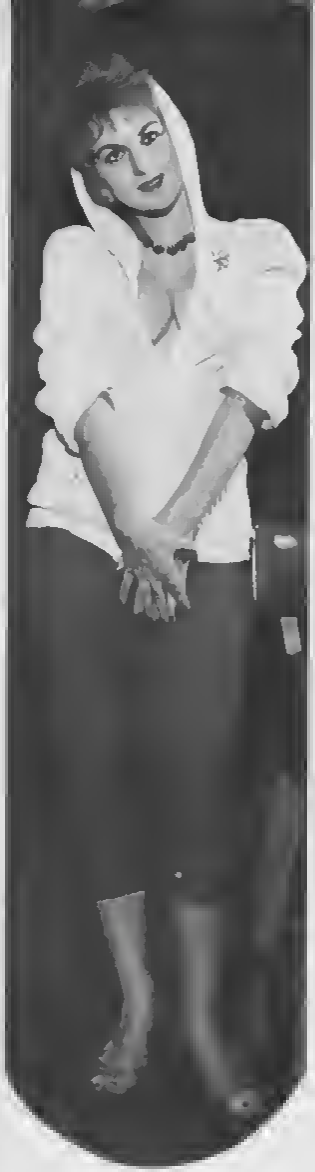


ANGEL'S TIP

¾ creme de cacao
¼ cream
Pour carefully into liqueur glass, floating cream on top.

SOUTHERN BRIDE

⅔ dry gin
⅓ grapefruit juice
3 dashes Maraschino
Shake well with ice and strain into glass

B.V.D.

1/3 dry gin
1/3 light rum
1/3 dry vermouth
Stir well with ice and strain into glass.

UPSTAIRS

2 jiggers Dubonnet
Juice of ¼ lemon
Pour into large cocktail glass with ice cubes and fill with soda water.

COMMODORE

1/3 bourbon whiskey
1/3 creme de cacao
1/3 lemon juice
Dash of grenadine syrup, serve in champagne glass.

RUSSIAN

1/3 dry gin
1/3 vodka
1/3 creme de cacao
Stir well with ice and strain into glass.

stands it before you The Fifth-flusher knows that the booth-bait will land him a bigger fish

All unsuspecting, and possibly glad of a little company, you take up his invitation and join him And chances are that an hour or so of conversation and several drinks will pass pleasantly, for he has learned that to hold his victims, he must retain their interest

Then comes the moment of reckoning. The waiter appears and discreetly slips the check on the table The Fifth-flusher conveniently doesn't notice it because he's suddenly engrossed in talking a little more rapidly than he had been. You pull the check over and reach for your wallet, intending to figure out your share of the drinks After all, you didn't ask for his company and you're aware that he'd already had several drinks before you came in

"Aw, hell, no!" booms the Fifth-flusher, jovially, "Let me"

With this one little line, he has you neatly cornered, drawn and quartered Examine it carefully, and you will see the sheer, gem like beauty of his gambit By vocally offering to pay the whole check, he has made it virtually impossible for you to continue your careful splitting mathematics When a man has shown his willingness to buy *your* drinks, you would be labeling yourself the worst sort of tightwad by suggesting that you each pay for your own.

Yet, while his voice has brimmed over with comradely generosity, he has not made a single move His timing is superlative There you sit with your wallet in your haod, and the check in front of you while the Fifth flusher, beaming with friendliness, outsits you Folding your wallet and handing the check across the table is unthinkable Since he has stated his own gond intentions, you can hardly do less without losing your self-respect entirely

"No," you protest, hollowly, "they are on me."

Even now you're hoping that he'll follow the rules of sportsmanship and go another round of protests,

giving you a sporting chance to lose the Battle of the Check But with a magnificent little shrug that manages to convey (a) that you are embarrassing him with your persistence, and (b) that he's too much of a gentleman to get involved in a big scene over a little check, he smiles self deprecatingly "Damn white of you," he comments, politely "Next time"

You leave the bar with a lightened wallet and wondering vaguely how it all happened You can't pin a thing on him *He* offered to pay the check. *You* protested *He* exhibited a magnanimous spirit while you know that you weren't nearly as eager to cough it up as he seemed to be You are left with the gnawing suspicion that you've been had, and not a thing to prove it, which only makes you hate yourself for your suspicions You take heart from his promise of "next time" If he grabs the check on another occasion, you'll be able to banish the feeling that you're a duped dope

If you choose to interpret "next time" in that light, it suits him What he really means is, now that he's found you, he'll never let you go The next time you walk into the bar, he'll be waiting to run you through the same losing check battle again.

This will go on until you've wised up sufficiently to determine to outsit him on picking up the check When that day comes, he'll use his reserve gambit After you've both sat motionless, staring stolidly at each other over the check for several minutes, he'll lift his hand to the table You'll feel a momentary heady triumph that will burst suddenly as you realize that he has simply pushed back his chair, arisen, and sauntered innocently toward the men's room, where he will remain, with an uncanny sense of timing, until the waiter hovering silently and pointedly at your table has broken down your resistance to the point of reluctantly pulling out your wallet

Of course, if you're really determined, when it gets to the stage where the Fifth flusher is regularly

Continued on the next page

using his reserve men's room gambit, you can really give him a good battle by beating him at his own game.

As the check arrives and he arises casually from the table, you too, arise, and start saunrering toward the men's room just a little faster When he notices, he'll pick up a little speed himself, and then you'll put on a little more speed With a good show of nonchalance you'll both soon be moving at a fast trot, and by the time you've crossed the room, neck and neck, you'll have dropped the casual mask and broken into an open run toward the men's room door As you breathlessly dive toward the doorknob, all show of sportsmanship is gone, and you can fight it our with him on his own level After all, who's to say how urgent or prolonged the call of nature may be.

Gleefully slamming the door behind you and firmly locking it, you lean back against the wall to catch your breath from your open-field track meet, light up a cigarette and gloar over your victory After you've puffed through one cigarette and interestedly studied the earthy prose and poetry inscribed on the walls by various inspired anonymous authors, your confined quarters begin to seem a bit monotonous, but in the interests of ensuring a complete victory, you light up another, shift your feet and wait it out

Finally, you decide it's safe The waiter's meaningful and stoic silence will have broken down even the determined Fifth flusher's armor

Happily, you exit your self-made prison and your eyes scan the bar without finding your opponent. Your table has been cleared away. The wairer approaches The Fifth-flusher left a message. He had ro see a man about a dog, and since you claimed a priority on this place, he finally had to dash off in search of other accommodations He bopes you'll forgive his hasty departure. You nod benevolently at the waiter and stroll jauntily toward the door. Just as you are about to step out, there is a tap on your shoulder.

It is the waiter with pad in hand "Your check, sir," he says reproachfully.

ONCE THE Fifth-flusher has seized upon you as a good guy who's too decent to really fight it out with him, he'll press his advantage The night you give a party, he'll be there, even though he wasn't invited, and you'll never know how he found out abour it His scent for free liquor is truly astonishing. He can track it from miles away.

He'll soon be behind your bar, dispensing drinks to one and all, including himself, with an all-encompassing generosity This won't bother you nearly so much as when, in the shank of the evening, you find him in the bedroom, cosily pouring your

extra special, well-hidden (you thought) bottle of champagne into the girl most likely. As always, he has you neatly cornered. If you were to bare your honest feelings, the girl most likely would get an impression of you as a real petty cheapskate, and then she would no longer be the girl most likely — not with you, anyway, which was why you invited her in the first place. So, again, you grin weakly and show them that it only hurts when you laugh.

Once he has investigated your liquor supply and found it well-stocked, the Fifth-flusher's nose will twitch with delight, and he will be inwardly as excited as if he'd discovered a priceless horde of buried treasure. After that, he'll make himself a frequent drop-in guest, often bringing along his date of the evening. It's a lot pleasanter and cheaper than (God forbid!) taking her out and paying for it.

As time goes on, with your blood pressure running ever higher and your teeth gnashed down to the bleeding gums, the day comes when you resolve to do something about him. You are flexing your muscles and working up a few choice phrases to accompany a solid uppercut when the phone rings. It is the Fifth flusher who cheerfully inquires as to your plans for Saturday night, and before you can arrange to be very busy on Saturday night, he goes on to tell you that he's giving a party and wants you to come. After all, he says with humble cheer, he's been to your place so many times.

Your ire subsides, and a fiendish pleasure replaces it. With his uncanny timing, he's done it again. He's redeemed himself in the nick of time. For once, the drinks are actually on him. For the sake of just one evening's worth of liquor from him to make up for it all, you can work up a spirit of phoney camaraderie. Real palsy-walsy, you make it clear that you aren't doing a damned thing on Saturday and you can think of nothing you'd rather do than go to his party.

Great, he says. Then, as an afterthought just before he hangs up, he adds, "Oh, by the way, it's a bottle party, of course. There are so many people coming. Man, you don't know how it costs to keep fifty people gassed up all evening. So bring a fifth and we'll have a ball."

LAST OF ALL, the final and ultimate ploy of the true Fifth flusher can only be accomplished if he lives next door to you, or across the hall in the same apartment building, and chances are that if he's selected you as his favorite victim, he's already taken that fact into account way back when he took you for the first barroom drink.

It begins when he has a couple of guests and comes over to borrow ice.

Continued on the next page

This is a reasonable request and your defenses are lulled. They are completely downed when he has gotten as far as the door and asked you to come over with him and have a drink with his friends. He may even wink and let out a subtle implication that one of the dolls is just your speed. This will surprise you, because the Fifth-flusher has always been about as free with women as he's been with his own liquor. It should also warn you. But so exhilarated are you, at this point, to have had an encounter with him in which you were only fleeced of a little ice, that even remembering the wide open trap you walked into when he threw a party, you accept his invitation almost gratefully.

After all, he hasn't asked you to bring along a bottle and there he is, almost across the hall back to his own door. You follow him, and once in and introduced to his guests, the Fifth flusher pours you a drink. It is an unprecedented experience. Right up until the last minute, you couldn't really believe it would actually happen, and your hand may shake a little with the shock of it as you take the glass.

This memorable event will put you into such a state of high spirits that you will be overcome with a feeling of good will toward all. You won't even really be aware of what is happening when, as the Fifth-flusher elaborately collects glasses to pour another round, he discovers to his surprise and well-displayed chagrin that the bottle is just about empty. You'll remain blissfully unaware even after the gathering has moved over to your apartment and your liquor stock, which goes to prove how a well-timed free drink from the Fifth-flusher can numb his victim's protective reflexes.

But every man, no matter how decent and good-hearted, has his limits. And despite the Fifth-flusher's superb instinct for never quite pushing his victims over the border line, the last straw comes when he pulls his masterpiece of Fifth-flushery.

That occurs the evening he walks into your apartment when you are entertaining the choice girl of your immediate hopes, plans and dreams. Everything is progressing extra-smoothly when he makes his entrance. He grasps the situation instantly, and brazenly he asks for, not ice, not a drink, but the "loan" of a full fifth. He is utilizing his talents for getting you on the spot. With a girl who must be impressed, and anxious to get rid of him, you head for the kitchen to get an unopened bottle. You hear him talking to the girl in the living room, and just so that he won't get any ideas about lingering awhile and joining you in a drink you decide to outsmart him. So, while you're there you mix *two* fresh drinks for the girl and yourself. Bearing the two exclusive drinks and the full bottle, you return to the living room. It is empty. You put down the drinks and cross the hall, bottle in hand. You hear laughter, male and female, and you knock on the door. It opens just a foot or so and the Fifth-flusher peers out at you and sticks out his hand. His gall is so fantastic that you mutely hand him the bottle.

"Thanks, old man," he says, and the door closes firmly in your disbelieving face.

And he didn't even give you a tip.

Welcome to the ranks of the good-hearted guys everywhere who have been run through the full treatment by the Fifth-flusher.

So rally round the bottle, boys. Cocktail has gone crusading — Let us all pull together and flush the Fifth-flusher down the drain where he belongs. One. Two. Three. Pull.

● ● ●

THE LADY WITH THE HOLLOW LEG

How can a guy tell what she's up to when this fatal femme puts him to bed?

EVERY MAN-ABOUT-TOWN knows that a cool sex-kitten can often be thawed and hottened up considerably by administering a liberal dose of liquor. He starts out the evening with a wary and uncooperative woman, but her lack of initial enthusiasm for his own plans does not depress him unduly. He is aware that he need only take her to a quiet bar and wait patiently while the bartender pours and pours and pours. Within a matter of hours, with no particular effort on his part, other than to enjoy his own drinks and give forth with his usual wit, charm and personality, his mission will be accomplished. The cool kitten, warmed to 90 proof temperature, will become a veritable Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.

The man who depends too much on this strategy, though, is doomed to come to grief the night he runs up against the lady with the hollow leg.

He has met a fabulous female who stirs him the most. She is the greatest, a real gasser. Her hair is a cloud of spun gold silk. Her skin is smooth and cool, like vanilla ice cream. Her eyes are giant coffee beans and her lips are cherry pink in apple blossom time. Her breasts are firm and round as Texas grapefruit, and her hips swell gently as pear halves to rearward.

Continued on the next page

And he is getting very, very hungry

He makes a date for Friday at eight He can hardly wait When he picks her up, he is salivating greatly, but he knows he has to keep the inner breast under control for the moment She is warm, friendly, sociable and gregarious — but her "No" is firm and positive.

So he leads her to his favorite cocktail lounge, where he holds his breath during the crucial moment of ordering drinks If she were to ask for a plain soda or fruit juice, his strategy would be dashed to bits

But she doesn't She asks eagerly for a Scotch — straight, no soda. Immediately, he relaxes and allows himself to start salivating again. Everything is going nicely, according to plan

Halfway through the evening, his impatience is welling up and he examines her closely to take stock of developments She is still warm, friendly, gregarious and sociable, but does not show one sign of unlimbering. He urges her to drink up and starts ordering fresh rounds at a faster clip

Another hour or two passes. She is still warm, friendly, etc. Nothing

Realizing that he's up against a tough challenge, he suggests that they leave and go on to another place The fabulous female is amenable.

In the next bar, before they order, he suggests, in a carefully playful tone, that she switch to Bourbon She looks at him in mild surprise and he hastily explains that just as a lark, they ought to disprove the old-fashioned theory that mixing your liquor gives it a double impact It's a lot of nonsense, and if she'll switch to Bourbon, he'll switch to Scotch, in the interests of scientific experimentation.

It's all right with her, says the fabulous female, amiably. So Round Two has begun And after another hour or so, he studies her closely She is still friendly, gregarious, etc The only thing that seems to have changed about her is that she seems to have become a bit blurred She doesn't come into focus as sharply as she did earlier Urgently, he orders another round and another and another He intends to break down this delectable dish's resistance if it takes a whole Niagara of booze to do it Even if it's the last, uh, last thing he does

Since the hour is extremely late and he is suddenly taken with a most unusual desire for a little fresh air, he suggests that they go out and stroll around the block before stopping for a nightcap at yet another place It's that nightcap that will do it, he is thinking to himself Some dames are tougher than others They hold their liquor pretty well until that last dangerous drink

So she helps him down from his bar stool and they venture forth into the fresh night air After circling the block a few times, he suggests stopping for a nightcap at Leon's lounge

What did you say? she asks, looking a trifle puzzled

He repeats himself, speaking with slow and distinct deliberation

Oh, sure, she says, cheerfully, she'd love one.

She guides him into Leon's and settles him into a booth She decides to switch back to Scotch and he orders a Bourbon He remembers his mission and leans his face close up to hers, the better to see her and determine whether she's showing her liquor yet; but the only thing about her which seems to have changed is this damned elusive quality She gets harder and harder to see as the night goes on Peculiar thing for liquor to do to her

He sips his Bourbon half heartedly He no longer feels bound to match her drink for drink She's managing to guzzle plenty without any encouragement at all. Besides, the glasses are a lot heavier at Leon's. Harder to lift off the table

Now the fabulous female has practically disappeared from view entirely, and he comes to a masterly decision She is obviously different from other girls. She has drunk enough to float a battleship. It seems she holds her liquor very well, but there is this one dead giveaway —

WHITE LADY

2/3 Cointreau
1/6 creme de menthe
1/6 brandy

MAIDEN'S KISS

1/5 Creme de Roses
1/5 curacao
1/5 Maraschino
1/5 yellow Chartreuse
1/5 Benedictine

the odd trick she has of fading in and out of view. The girl is obviously blotto.

Now is the time. He calls for the check. Brightly, she interrupts and asks whether he'd mind if she has just "one for the road."

He nods his head, numbly, and signals broadly for the waiter. As she drinks this final nightcap, she vanishes from sight altogether. He has almost forgotten about her and drifted off for a little nap until a heavy prodding and poking on his arm brings everything back into fuzzy focus. He has never seen anyone become so strangely potted as this girl. Now she's spinning around in circles and separating herself into twos and threes.

"Come on," she is saying, "I'd better get you home."

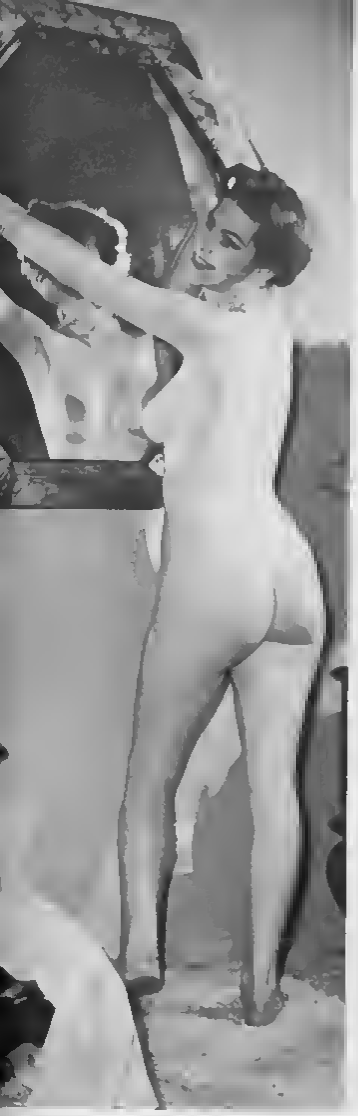
A quiet bliss settles over him. He had almost forgotten his mission. But it worked. Not only is she going home with him, but she suggested it herself. He beams fatuously. Yup, liquor works every time.

He is pleasantly surprised at her eagerness. In fact, he can't remember when a girl has ever been so beautifully brazen. She asks for his address, hails a cab and pays the cab driver herself. Delightful bold vixen. He hums a happy little tune as the lovely hussy urges and prods and pushes him up the stairs to his apartment. Damnedest thing he ever saw. Here he worked on her all evening without getting anywhere, and now thish. Once she makes up her mind, the urge sure hitsh her hard and fasht.

Inside the apartment, she is pushing him toward the bed. He wants to tell her how glorious it is to be attacked by such a passionate wench, but his tongue seems to be slipping and sliding over the vast surfaces of his teeth.

Besides, she is pushing him down, down into the depths of the floating bed and ecstatically he decides to just relax and enjoy being raped by this ravishing creature. He groans softly as he lands on the bed and a dizzying fireworks display bursts loose in his head. He tries to reach up a leaden arm to pull his companion down onto the bed, but the fireworks display clears long enough for him to hear her voice cheerfully saying, "Thanks for the evening. I'll call you tomorrow to make sure you're all right," and to hear the thud of the door closing behind her before he fades into total oblivion.

When next he awakens, if his agonized condition can be described as any form of wakefulness, it is a very bleak morning after. He spends the next hours suffering with his symptoms and trying to gain control of his stomach and head. When in-



ternal conditions permit, he morosely reviews as much as he recalls of the night before. His recollections are confirmed by his wallet. It is flat from feeding drinks into the lady with the hollow leg. He shudders with revulsion and as soon as he is able, he gingerly crosses the room to his desk. He grasps a pencil and with a regretful sigh, shakily crosses out her number in his little black book.

On a morning like this, he isn't interested in Texas grapefruit and pears, anyway.

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COCKTAIL'S DICTIONARY

MORE DRINKING DAMSELS

...wherein we give you the secrets of becoming the Host with the Most (girls) or the Guest with the Best (girls) - in short, the Fellow with the Mellow Girls!

GATHER AROUND, batten down the bottle, and pay strict attention! For we have been enthusiastically engaged with further research in the stimulating study of Liquor & Lassies — from imbecilic imbibers to tip pling temptresses — and we've cata logued another batch of carousing cuties in Cocktail's Dictionary of Drinking Damsels, to help you forge ahead of the rest of the wolf pack wherever the sexes mingle

When your red corpuscles zing to attention at the sight of a particularly devastating parcel of feminine pulchritude, tear your smitten eyes away from the cleavage and focus on the glass in her hand. The closer she's holding the glass to the cleav age, the harder this is to do, but the effort pays off. While the rest of the stags are still admiring the view or moving in with the wrong pitch, her

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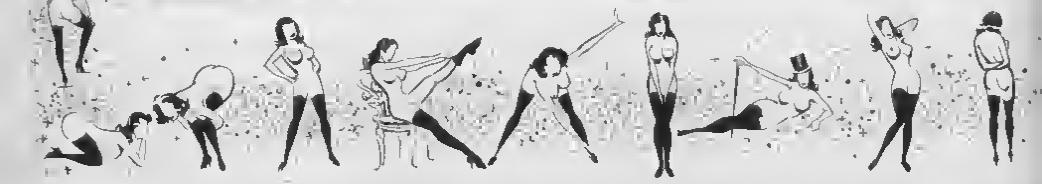


GILROY

1/3 dry gin
1/3 cherry brandy
1/6 dry vermouth
1/6 lemon juice
1 dash orange bitters

Stir well with ice and strain into glass.

BOSOM CARESSER

1/6 curacao
1/6 brandy
1/3 madeira
1 teaspoon grenadine
1 yolk of egg

TENDER

¼ apricot brandy
¼ apple brandy
½ gin
1 dash lemon juice
Shake well with ice and strain into glass.

SOUTHERN GIN

2 jiggers dry gin
2 dashes orange bitters
2 dashes curacao
Shake well with ice and strain into glass. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

SOUL KISS

1/3 dry vermouth
1/3 sweet vermouth
1/6 Dubonnet
1/6 orange juice
Stir well with ice and strain into glass.

drink will beam you in like radar Like so.

The Vodka Vamp

This doll is sheer delight, provided you've been eating your spinach and have the super strength you'll need to keep up with her. She can run through an alarming number of weaker men in short order and still be looking for *the* man of the evening. So when you spot a sexational siren sipping 'orange juice" or a strangely colorless Martini, charge ahead to what may well be the most exciting night you've ever known.

The fact that she drinks Vodka is a dead giveaway. It is the one liquor in the world of which there is no chance that she just plain likes the taste A man may have any of several reasons for drinking this colorless, tasteless, breathless beverage, but a woman knows only one — and it's all psychological

To her, Vodka conjures up images of wild, hot-blooded, sabre-waving Cossacks, of earthy, passionate peasants with a dangerous, brooding turbulence churning within them And since she herself is laden with these same tempestuous, fiery emotions, she bathes herself in the Vodka-induced aura of those violent men of intense, throbbing passions who would be strong enough to conquer her own immense hunger

She is a true vamp of the old school Her instincts lead her to crave and demand the most and best that a man can give She wants a big, strong man who can create a big, strong passion that will quench her big, strong desires And when she's taken everything he has to offer and decided that he isn't big and strong enough, after all, she'll casually toss aside his weary remains and pursue her restless hunt.

Despite her flaming yearnings, the Vodka Vamp is not an easy woman to pitch a pass to She has found that most men are a disappointment to her and has learned to brush them off and live with the Vodka heroes of her imagination. So when you move in on the Vodka Vamp, it is imperative that you have the proper approach, and the best one is the one that appears to be no approach at all.

With your own glass in hand, station yourself somewhere in her line of vision, but make no attempt to speak Stare broodingly and darkly into your drink, occasionally lifting your eyes as if only by chance, and gazing into hers with a look of purest melancholy.

Her eyes will flash responsively as she realizes that in you she has found a kindred spirit You, obviously, are churning with the same tortured fires that lurk within her own gently heaving breast. In the grip of these heated emotions, she will not be shy. *She'll* come over to *you* But it is important at this point not to drop your role If there is a phonograph at hand, slip on some pulsing music of gypsy violins and speak to the Vodka Vamp in aching tones of the great tragedy in your life, the loneliness that is yours because you've never found a woman capable of passion to equal your own.

By the time you've finished with your performance, the Vodka Vamp will be all steamed up and throbbing in tune to the gypsy violins You'll be well on your way to an interlude supercharged with excitement

One word of caution is necessary here Before you proceed with the pitch, make damn sure that this voluptuous beauty *does* have Vodka in her orange juice For girls who go to parties and drink straight orange juice are a different breed of animal altogether, and using the Vodka Vamp approach on them will only result in horrible disaster

The Racy Rum Girl:

About the only way to decide whether to pursue a Rum and Coke girl is to flip a coin If there happens to be an equally appealing Scotch Lass* or Martini Miss* around, don't bother with the Rum girl On the other hand, if the pickings are lean, you could do worse. She has certain unfortunate traits in common with the Bourbon Broad*, but, thank God, to a lesser degree

She is, above all, an extrovert, and

*See Dictionary of Drinking Damsels Volume I

before the evening's done, she may end up doing a cha-cha-cha strip tease This would be highly commendable behavior if she were doing it in private for your exclusive benefit, but the fact is that she'll be performing for a whole crowded coomful of viewers

The Rum Girl is a gregarious sort and you may have trouble beating back the press of humanity surrounding her so that you can make your pitch. Once you've cornered her alone, though, keep it playful and light She wants fun, not gloom. And if she decides to catch your pass, be prepared for an exasperating, yet entertaining experience — lovemaking full of high comedy. She refuses to take *anything* very seriously, unlike the — .

SHERRY SIREN

This doll plays for keeps You may think at first that you've run across an inexperienced drinker when you come face to face with a captivating Sherry siren, but nothing is further from the truth It *is* true that you won't be able to get her to touch a drop of harder liquor Yet, through the course of the night, you'll notice that she consumes an astounding quantity of Sherry, enough to fell a full-grown man And still her wiggling walk will continue on its steady course, and her bright blue eyes will continue to cast their meaningful glances into yours, clear and undimmed.

Meanwhile, and here is the catch, since she can't be qualified as a nondrinker, you will have felt compelled to match her, Sherry for Whiskey, and by evening's end you may feel no pain at all. This can be dangerous By the cruel, bright light of a hungover dawn you will find yourself gingerly nursing your head and wondering fearfully what foolish promises you may have made.

Your condition won't be helped at all when the doorbell rings and the Sherry Siren breezes in with suitcase in hand and announces, brightly, "I was able to get two tickets on the 10 o'clock plane" In your shattered state, you won't even be able to ask,

Continued on the next page

To whom it must have been something you said last night, and while you were whooping it up in a spirit of fun and frolic the still alert, clear headed Sherry Siren was taking you very seriously indeed

THE MANHATTAN MADCAP

The Lejeune & Lassies expert knows that when he finds a distinctive dish who is a Manhattan guardian he has struck gold. This one has some of the same qualities to recommend her as the Martini Miss, but she is a trifle less sophisticated and more stylized which makes it that much easier to aim the pitch and make a perfect score

She is a beautiful illustration of the line the woman don't know a damn thing about good liquor. When they drink mixed cocktails they think don't even know what goes into them. They pick their drinks the same way they pick horses in the trank — strictly by names. The Manhattan Miss runs true to type throughout.

Though she may never have left Oshkosh, Wisconsin she knows her self as sophisticated New Yorker at heart. She clothes her adjustable curves in black, moves slow tunes, never repartee and considers every relationship she has with a man, no matter how innocuous, a loan of hair.

The experienced indoor sportsman knows that he need only prime her by taking her dancing at a smart club, then lead her to a tastefully furnished apartment, preferably penthouse, where he copies of the New Yorker strewn on the coffee table. It will help if he is a crew-cut, Ivy League type. She has a special weakness for them. As a clincher, one Princetonian here has taken the time to memorize one Noel Coward song (she is simply mad about Noel Coward) and as he rings it softly into her ear she melts into a warm responsive, irresistible creampuff of femininity

The whole thing is so easy and predictable that it's almost enough to make the true sportsman feel guilty. Almost. He can quickly switch any such noble feelings that send up in his breast by realizing that with her remaining few just one of those things, one of those fabulous flings she is reveling in many months of it.

THE CHAMPAGNE CINDERELLA

The promising creature is not to be confused with the world be snobbiness who drinks only champagne at all times considering any other drink unworthy of her. Experience shows that high nosed tomato goes flat just about as quickly as the bubbles. In fact her whole champagne only kick is a weak and pathetic attempt to cover up her indiscretion in more than elegant garments.

The Champagne Cinderella on the other hand is the Lejeune & Lassies connoisseur's delight. It fills his heart with purest joy to watch one in action because champagne going into a Cinderella is like a key inserting in a chastity belt. As the bubbles tingle into her pert, wrinkling nose and down her smooth white throat, she too, begins to bubble over with goodwill toward man. Life takes on a rosy glow and her inhibitions are blithely tossed to the winds.

The greatest beauty of the situation is that a responsive, well champagned Cinderella is very like the same scrumptious sexpot with whom you've never been able to get anywhere at all. No matter how many times you've tried and no matter what or how much than been drinking, she's always remained as cool and self contained as the proverbial cucumber

Here again psychology works wonders. Though champagne is alcoholically less potent than whiskies, the mere mention of it spells special occasion — let's celebrate. The carefree mood and anticipation courses through the veins with as much of a warming and loosening effect as three straight shots of bonded proof.

Some particularly well premiered connoisseurs, in fact, are able to obtain the desired results with particularly susceptible Cinderellas simply by *talking* about celebrating over a bottle of champagne. They have perfected their tactics to such a considerable degree that they need never actually spend a penny in their campaign. For most mere mortal men however the price of a bottle of Mumm's is well worth its investment. The opportunity of seeing a cool cucumber turn into a hot tomato at the stroke of midnight is fair reward for the price.

And there you have this month's additions to Cocktail's carefully researched Dictionary of Drinking Damsels. It should be enough to keep you very, very busy until the Dictionary's next edition.

So Bottoms Up!

WHISKY . . . BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

When the hour is ripe, but possion's woned,
And you feel you're losing the graund you've gained,
When the lady is looking both bored and pained,
Quick — Whisky, before it's too late

When the long cab ride from the bor to your apt.
Whence you were going to be, uh, nightcapped,
Has left you both with your energy sopped,
Quick — Whisky, before it's too late

When the spirit is willing, but the body oin't,
And the doll said Maybe instead of Yau Moyn't,
When you thaught you could, but you really cain't,
Quick — Whisky, before it's too late

If you're getting cozy with a gorgeous Miss
Who suddenly stores and says, What's this?
And then canfesses she's never been kissed,
Quick — Whisky, before it's tao late.

HE'S-SO-RIGHT DEPARTMENT

At the punch-bowl's brink
Let the thirsty think
What they say in Japan:

First a man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man!"

— Edward R. Still

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink:
Good wine — a friend — or being dry —
Or lest we should be, by and by.
Or any other reason why.

— H. Aldrich

It (drink) provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance

— Shakespeare

There are two times when you never can tell what is going to happen One is when a man takes his first drink, and the other is when a woman takes her latest.

— O. Henry

THE 'FIFTH' COLUMN

EVER WONDER HOW a cocktail got that way? The most commonly accepted story is that it was first invented as a hangover cure by a couple of shook up explorers in the Yucatan some couple of centuries ago. Deciding to mix some native fruit juices with a slug of 'the hair of the dog", on the morning after the night before, they found themselves without any stirrers.

Possibly it was the delicate condition of their stomachs that prevented them from thinking of using their fingers. At any rate, one of them reached over and pulled out a tail feather from a startled cock that happened to be strutting by, and voila' — a home-plucked stirrer for mixed drinks.

Henceforth, they referred to their improvised brew as "Let's have a Tail of the Cock." When it became too much trouble to say all that, the name became Cocktail, and so it has remained through the years.

●●●

The space age has brought a new boon to whisky-lovers everywhere. The Military, in devising a rocket with all the comforts of home, has come up with a handy freezing unit capable of attaining fantastic sub-zero temperatures. To demonstrate their brain child, they froze whisky on a stick. The name: Whisicles.

It is not inconceivable that soon you won't have to bother with the exhausting struggle of separating ice cubes from their tray, chilling glasses, and stirring drinks. When you want a little alcoholic refreshment, you will simply reach into your super-freezer, select the drink of your choice and eat it off a stick.

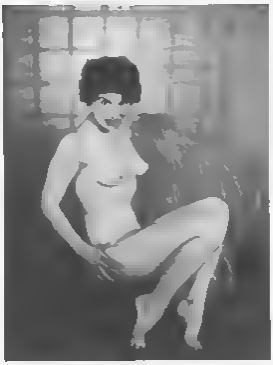
This could bring forth a new breed of Good Humor men cruising the streets with their music boxes tinkling "How Dry I Am", while grown men rush eagerly to street corners with their fifty-cent pieces clutched eagerly in their hot little fists.

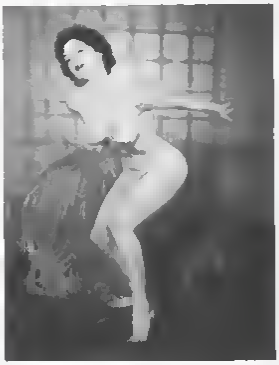
One sure bet: Look for the Russians soon to be claiming they invented the Vodkasicle.

●●●

wine

WINE, WOMEN





Women and song
may leave you 'ere long,
but a glass of wine
is a joy forever

ONE OF THE burdens that falls on the shoulders of the Thinking Man with the Drinking Man's tastes, is the matter of sorting through the propaganda with which he has been brain washed for as many years as he has been rinsing his taste buds with alcohol.

Of all the slogans and pat quotations that have hammered at his ears, none is so dangerous as that innocent-seeming little four word phrase — Wine, Women and Song. It is all the more deadly because on the surface of it, it seems to be a one hundred per cent truth, and boys have grown into men the world over believing that this threesome goes together like ham and eggs.

But if we probe the depths, we discover that this trio is as unlikely a combination as you could think up. They do not mix!

Before we get to the women, let us dispense with song. How many times, we ask you, have you ever seen a man with a glass of wine in his hand bursting into full-throated song? While you're thinking back, we'll answer it for you: Never. With a stein of beer, yes. With the third cocktail, maybe. This point can be proven easily. The next time you find yourself served a glass of wine, whether in a bar or at someone's home, try giving forth with a cheery chorus of some good old drinking song. If you can bring yourself to do it (and you'll find that it's virtually impossible to work up the proper spirit over a glass of wine, in the first place) you'll suddenly come to the discomfiting realization that all conversation has ceased abruptly and everyone is staring at you in a most extraordinary fashion. In fact, if you

WINE! AND SONG!

don't stop your silly shenanigans quickly enough, you'll be lucky if you aren't asked to leave. And why? The thing is that if you *were* drinking beer or the third cocktail, no one would think a thing of it. They might even join you for a fast chorus, get into a regular song fest and the evening would end with everyone admiring your ability to liven things up. But the bitter truth is that you *are* drinking wine. Everyone knows it, and you have no excuse for getting musical about it, because the whole world knows that wine and song do not mix.

Women and wine are just as far apart as song and wine. You cannot spend an entire evening with a woman and a bottle of wine. In the first place, if she keeps drinking it, she will become deathly ill. Women who can cope with stronger stuff are, nevertheless, constitutionally incapable of keeping their balance on a wine diet. And if she has the good

Continued on the next page

sense not to keep drinking it, she will quickly become bored and restless, quietly speculating to herself — and they will be most unflattering speculations — on why you don't offer her a decent drink Your score for the evening — zero

So no matter how you look at it, it is totally impossible to get ham and eggs out of wine, women and song. The whole thing is a fraud

When a man is feeling the need of the special pleasures of vine leaves in his hair, the superb joy to be found in a rare vintage brew, it is a moment to dispense with the other two frivolous pleasures and make it Wine, Wine and Wine!

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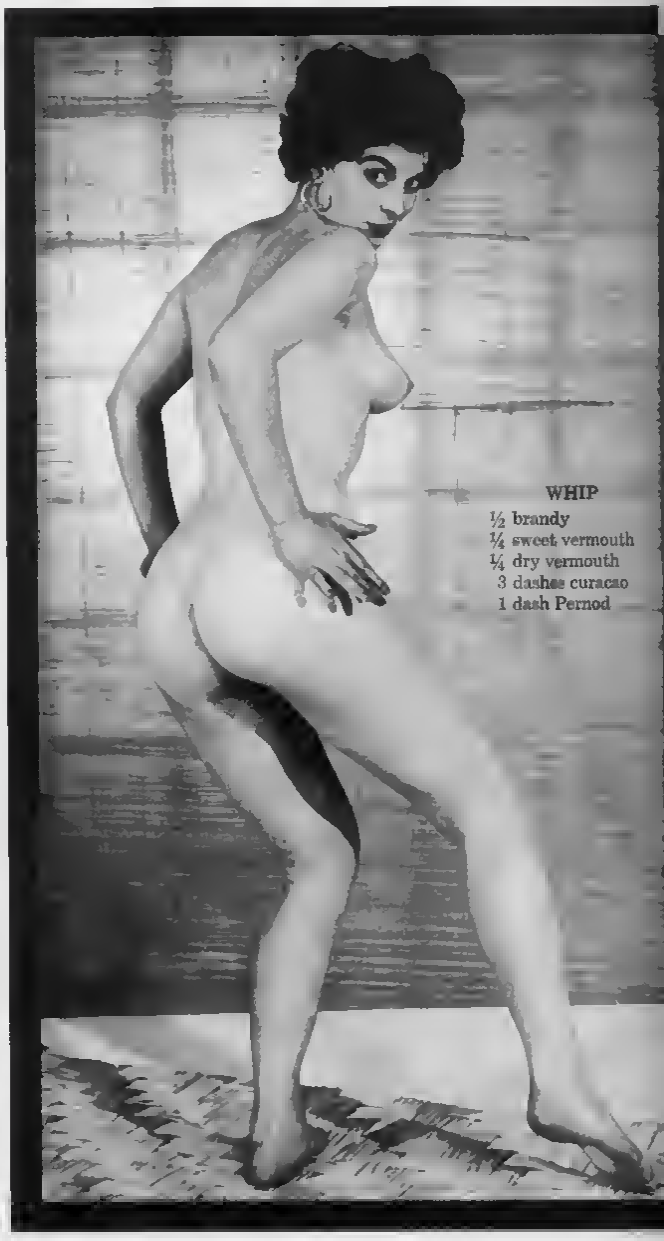
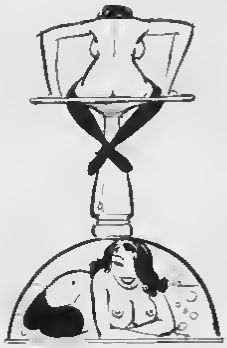


WHIP

½ brandy
¼ sweet vermouth
¼ dry vermouth
3 dashes curacao
1 dash Pernod



NAKED LADY

½ light rum
½ sweet vermouth
4 dashes apricot brandy
2 dashes grenadine
4 dashes lemon juice
Shake well with ice and strain into glass.

WHO'S BRINGING THE LIQUOR?

How you score with the dames can rise or fall on whether it's Harry or Joe

Richard. Me?

I'LL SET FOR the party tonight? Yeah, sure Everything's set Bert, here, is bringing some logs for the fireplace. Harry's bringing his guitar and bongo drums Jeannie's making hors d'oeuvres like crazy Suzy's bringing her music to do things by, and good old Al is bringing lots of extra glasses and ice. Everything's under control.

Yes, but who's bringing the liquor?

This is the most vital point of all Needless to say, if through some silly quirk you've diligently rounded up glasses and ice and all the other paraphernalia, only to find after the celebrants have assembled and the package stores are closed up tight, that you've forgotten about the liquor entirely, your party will fizzle out as quickly as the bubbles in the day old gingerale you'll be drinking

A successful party *must* have free-flowing drinks Without them, the guests become like an awkward group of children in dancing school The women huddle defensively on one side of the room and the men congregate unhappily on the other What little conversation may ensue between them will be stilted and painful, erupting in erratic spurts followed by long and dismal silences

But with a few rounds of good liquor stoking them up, the sexes begin to mingle gaily in a fashion that bears no resemblance whatsoever to any sort of dancing school In fact, if the party's a liquid hit, a passing stranger would more likely view the proceedings as a school for good, old-fashioned Roman orgies

Assuming you have remembered that getting sufficient quantities of liquor must be attended to before that old gang of yours can get together and whoop it up, the most important point of all is, Who's bringing the liquor? This is not a job to be entrusted lightly to just anyone.

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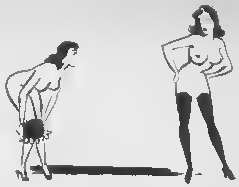
Why doesn't Mike



For example, there is Wholesale Harry. The group has voted to leave the liquor buying to Harry because Harry has a friend of a friend, etc, and he can get 20 per cent off by the case. Inevitably, one of several things is going to happen:

(a) On the night of the party, Harry, having spent all week working his complicated set of contacts, will be at some remote point downtown where the friend of friend's store is located. However, since the friend of friend has not shown up, and the clerks are stonily unimpressed with his connections, Harry, to save face and having promised to deliver the goods at 20 per cent off, must wait it out until friend of friend shows up. He will call in progress reports all evening while the guests are sitting around expectantly, going through the dancing school bit. At midnight, when the party has already become a dry dud and half the people have left for damper places, Harry will arrive, huffing and puffing, toting his 20 per cent case, triumphant and undaunted. Who needs it?

(b.) Harry will show up with the liquor on time as promised, and the price will be pleasantly cheap. As soon as you open a bottle, you'll know why. The brand is one you've never heard of, and when you taste it, your worst suspicions will be confirmed. It was brewed in a very dirty bathtub.

(c) In their eagerness to take advantage of Harry's 20 per cent, no one in the group thought to wonder, 20 per cent of what? You'll know when the bill comes in and everyone must chip in his share. He neglected to mention that it was 20 per cent of the most expensive liquor ever aged. The tariff, per person, will still run somewhat higher than taking your girl on a shopping spree at Tiffany's. And she won't be nearly as grateful.

Another type we can do without, is good old dependable Joe. Everybody knows what a good organizer he is and how well he looks after finances. One reason Joe is so good at this sort of thing is that he can never get a real date for a party. The girls all love him like a brother and save their more primitive emotions for other men. Therefor, Joe has nothing to distract him from his job of running around and keeping the record straight.

Before the evening's out, you'll wish to hell he did. Who owes how much will become such a big issue that you won't have any time left to make progress with the sultry, sinuous brunette you found leaning against the phonograph.

Conservative Charlie should never be given the job of supplying the liquor for a party. Charlie, let us face it, is a bit of a schnook. With the best of intentions, he is never quite *with* it. And he's not much of a drinking man, himself. For a party of fifty, he will bring a full fifth. For a party of five, he will bring a half-empty pint he had at home. He will sincerely think that he has supplied the group with liquor.

Above all, never, under any circumstances, should the job of supplying the drinks be left to a woman. She will appear bearing a bowl of punch, lukewarm, sickly-hued, and with some ghastly pieces of limp garbage floating forlornly across the top. If she has been feeling particularly frisky and devilishly sly, she will have slipped in a slug of rum at a ratio of two to one — two ounces of rum to one quart of her deathly concoction. She will be smirking knowingly with the boldness and daring of her godawful little secret.

So don't tell us, friend, that you're throwing a party and everything's been taken care of. Before we accept your invitation, just answer us this: Who's bringing the liquor?

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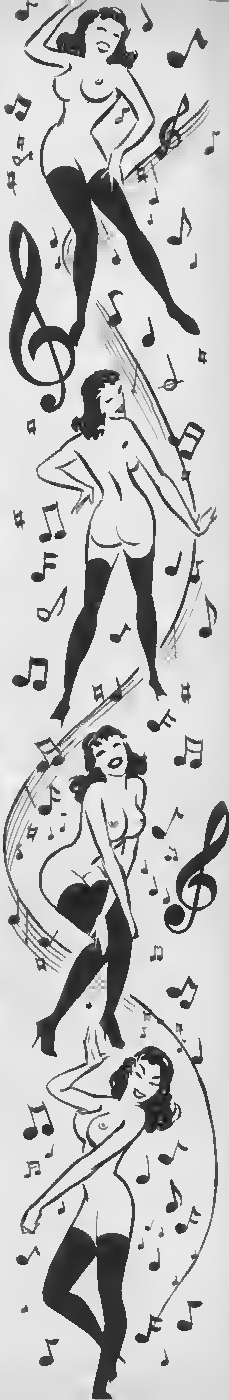


ALASKA

¾ dry gin
¼ yellow Chartreuse
2 dashes orange bitters
Stir well with ice and strain into glass. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

GREENBACK

1 part green creme de menthe
2 parts lime juice
8 parts gin
Strain lime juice to remove pulp and stir with large ice cubes

KNOCKOUT

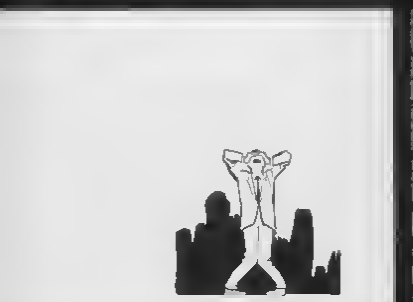
1/3 dry gin
1/3 dry vermouth
1/3 Pernod
1 teaspoon white creme de menthe
Stir well with ice and strain into glass. Serve with mint leaves.

NINETEEN

1/3 dry gin
1/3 Kirsch
1/3 dry vermouth
4 dashes sugar syrup
1 dash bitters
Stir well with ice and strain into glass Serve with cherry

ROMANCE ON

Sit down, Baby, sit down. You're rocking the rye



THE RYE SEAS

HALFWAY BETWEEN sobriety and stone-roid oblivion, there is a most wondrous land — a mystical Shangrila, hidden in the depths of a bottle. In this magic kingdom, everything is star-touched, and a feeling of elation overtakes you as you make the overwhelming discovery that life can be beautiful, after all.

Every woman is a sparkling jewel of feminine appeal, and even more astonishing is your own new-found prowess in every department. You are witty, debonair, brilliant, handsome, and ten feet tall. Miraculously, women succumb to your irresistible charms with the greatest of ease. With a simple flash of your dazzling smile and a scintillating, "Hi, beautiful," you become the great conqueror. Every girl is your oyster. You shall not want for female companionship tonight.

And when, from among the horde of women flocking about you, you've selected the ideal girl, pale, soft, and tingling warm, to share your adventure, you will float hand in hand over Shangrila-on-the-Rocks, and as you

Continued on the next page

BOMBER
1 jigger cognac
1/3 jigger Cointreau
1/3 jigger anisette
2/3 jigger vodka
Shake well with ice and strain into glass.

drink your way deeper into the interior, you go for an ecstatic icelight swim together in the topaz sea. For this paradise is very damp, indeed. It is the heavy whiskeyfall that keeps this magical country lush and beautiful.

Want directions on how to get there? Very well. The course is prechatted. Listen carefully.

Embark on your trip with a carefully chosen woman. She must be an adventuress, eager for new experiences, and she should be soft-spoken, pleasure-loving and sympatico. Select the fairest of the fair, and do it sober, because once you've hit the road, your discrimination is apt to become a little hazy.

After you've picked the perfect partner, the next step is to be certain that there aren't any other people around. For this sort of traveling, two's company and a partyful is a crowd.

Your apartment is a good point of embarkation for the journey, and for some unknown reason, a bedroom is especially favorable. All you need to pack is a full bottle and a couple of glasses. Travel light. Don't bother taking your pajamas. You may, indeed, be away all night, but the climate will be very hot and pajamas will prove themselves an unnecessary encumbrance.

When you've poured your first drinks, you'll start to soar, and the landscape will begin improving immediately. After the third drink, you'll be flying high and rapidly approaching Shangrila-on-the-Rocks.

With the fourth drink, you'll enter the magical, rose-colored land where all your dreams and desires come true. The trick now is to be able to stay there as long as possible. You must linger over that fourth drink indefinitely. It is your all-important passport to bliss. Live it up to the hilt.

But all good things must come to an end, and so it is that you must reluctantly bid farewell to Shangrila-on-the-Rocks, and make a crucial decision, as you come to a fork in the road: whether to be stranded, high and dry, or to go on into deeper waters. Invariably, you'll choose the latter course. Travelers to this paradise almost always do. And from there, you'll find the going rockier, unsteadier, and stormier.

In fact, you may awaken in the morning, still hand in hand, right back in your own apartment, suffering so from voyagers' symptoms that you almost can't remember the sheer beauty, the rollicking revelry, the blissful pleasures you shared in the glorious land that lurks just around the corner from the fourth drink.

But as the fog clears and happy memories unreel in your mind, you'll realize that the rough road home was worth it.

So caress your lady love, murmur softly in her ear, and invite her to take a very special joy ride with you. Pour the engine fuel into your glasses, stoke up, and take off.

You may meet your own Shangrila on the Rocks, a-comin' through the rye.

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GLOOM CHASER

¼ Grand Marnier
¼ curaçao
¼ lemon juice
¼ grenadine
Stir well with ice and strain into glass.

GIN AND SIN

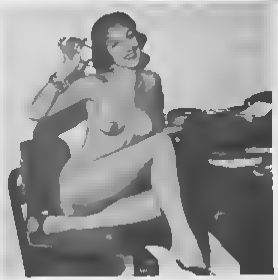
¾ gin
½ orange juice
½ lemon juice
1 dash grenadine
Shake well with ice and strain into glass

WHY NOT

1/3 dry gin
1/3 dry vermouth
1/3 apricot brandy
1 dash lemon juice
Shake well with ice and strain into glass.

TANGO

½ dry gin
¼ sweet vermouth
¼ dry vermouth
2 dashes curacao
Juice of ¼ orange
Stir well with ice and strain into glass.



ADAM AND EVE

1 ounce Forbidden Fruit
1 ounce gin
1 ounce cognac
Dash of lemon juice
Shake over ice and strain in chilled cocktail glass

ARTHRITIS

3 dry gin
⅓ sweet vermouth
2 dashes Angostura bitters
Stir well with ice and strain into glass Serve with a twist of lemon peel

BARBARY COAST

¼ dry gin
¼ Scotch whiskey
¼ creme de cacao
¼ cream
Shake well with ice and strain in to small highball or Old Fashion ed glass

Have One On The House!

Pompous Papa visited Junior in his first bachelor apartment and was struck with the sight of a slim, high-heeled sandal tacked up above the door.

Old-fashioned Papa shook his head, sternly. "In my day," he began, "we nailed a horseshoe over the door."

"But, Daddy-o," Junior interrupted, brightly, "that *is* a whore's shoe."

* * *

The bashful young man hied himself to a psychiatrist. After getting his history, the doctor proceeded with his tests. He drew two straight lines on a piece of paper and handed it to the patient.

"What does that make you think of?" he asked.

"Two people making love," said his patient, promptly.

Without a change of expression, the psychiatrist then drew a triangle, and repeated his question.

"That's three people making love," said the young man, looking embarrassed.

The doctor drew a square.

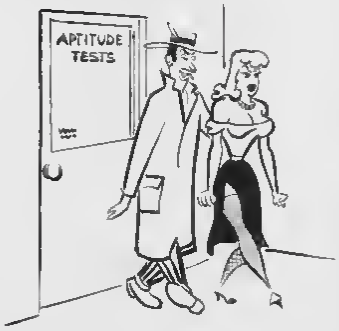
"And what's this?" he asked, studying the young man intently.

"Why, that's four people making love," said the bashful fellow, blushing furiously.

The psychiatrist shook his head sadly. "Never, in all my years of practice, have I run across a man so thoroughly obsessed with sex as you are."

The patient stared in amazement, then yelped indignantly, "*I'm* obsessed with sex! Who's been drawing all the dirty pictures?"

"As a matter of fact, that's the recreation center right over there!"



"Satisfied?"

The distraught, dumb blonde was pouring out her troubles to a friend. She ranted and raved about her suspicions that her husband was carrying on with other women.

"What makes you think he's unfaithful?" queried the friend.

"Well, for one thing," snapped the blonde, sulkily. "I don't believe he's the father of my child."

"I should at least get half my money back!"

Beatnik No 1 was sitting in the coffee house one night, thinking deep Beatnik thoughts, when Beatnik No. 2 entered and sat down next to him, obviously upset.

'I just passed your house," began Beatnik 2, 'and the shade was up in your bedroom. I feel I should tell you I saw your wife in the arms of another man."

Beatnik 1 frowned, thoughtfully. 'Was it a tall fellow with a beard?"

"Yes, that's him!"

'And was he a redhead?"

'Yes, yes! That's the one, all right!" cried Beatnik 2, excitedly.

"Oh, *him*," Beatnik 1 shrugged, casually. "That square would make it with *anybody*."

* * *

Then there was the fellow who said to his date, after the fifth round of cocktails, "One more drink and I'll really be feeling it."

'One more drink," hiccupped the curvaceous cutie, daintily, "and I'll be letting you."

"This guy wants to know if we deliver!"

Three little French boys were skipping along an alley when they came to an open window through which could be seen a nude man and woman in the heated throes of doing what comes naturally.

The three little boys paused and peered.

"Ma foi!" giggled the five-year-old. "Don't they look silly. I wonder what they're doing?"

"They're making love," announced the knowing seven-year old, watching with great interest.

The nine-year old took only one bored glance. "And very badly," he snapped.

"We have six children and I just found out my husband never loved me," wailed the hapless girl to her sympathetic sister.

"Well, thank your lucky stars," said the practical-minded sister. 'Just think of the spot you'd be in today if he *had*."

The grouch faced man entered a bar and sat uneasily on a stool. The jovial bartender approached. "Drink?"

The grouch shook his head, curtly. 'Tried it once. Didn't like it."

Puzzled, but undaunted, the cheerful bartender pulled out his cigarettes and offered one to the sourface.

"No thanks. Tried it once. Didn't like it."

Still determined to be friendly, he pulled out a pack of chewing gum.

"No. I tried that once, too. Didn't like it," grouched the grouch.

Exasperated, the bartender retreated and started polishing a glass, studying the stony stranger curiously.

Finally, the grouch broke the uneasy silence. "Look," he erupted. "I'm here only because I promised my son I'd meet him here."

Without missing a stroke with the dishtowel, the bartender arched his brows.

'Your only son, I presume?"

Three creaking, croaking, white-haired old men found themselves sitting together on a bench taking the sun, in a small retirement town. Inevitably, they got onto one of the favorite subjects of oldsters: their formulas for living to such a ripe old age.

The first one stated, firmly, "I'm 91 and the reason I'm still alive today is that I never took a drink, touched tobacco and seldom played around with women."

Said the second, "Blackstrap molasses and wheat germ oil, and setting up exercises every morning was my formula. Moderation in everything, and here I am still healthy today at 94."

They turned questioningly to the third quavering old man who was obviously older than either of them.

"When I went off to college," he began, tremulously, "my father told me that the only way to enjoy life was to have plenty of liquor, good cigars, good food, and as many women as I could get, every single day. And I took his advice."

'That's fabulous!" cried the first old-timer.

"Unbelievable," breathed the second, awestruck. "And just how old are you, anyway?"

'Twenty-two."

"I" MICKY FINN

The bums and the broads are always Spillane me down each other's throats

SHE WAS A hot hunk of panting pulchritude This dame was squirming around in her girdle like as if she was straddling the hot seat Except she wasn't wearing a girdle She was so steamed up, you could of broiled a steak on her sizzling, white-hot belly.

The flimsy bathrobe, the kind you can see straight through, was hanging loose and unhelted from her shoulders She reached up and tugged it wider apart, concerned I shouldn't miss anything she had to show She had plenty. I wasn't missing it. Her C-38's strained straight out like a pair of satellites champing to go into orbit Out towards the tips, they tilted up a bit, kind of wistful-like, begging for a little attention. She curved in around the middle and swelled back out around the hips She was a natural blonde, all right, with the longest, leanest pair of legs you ever saw.

I knew what she wanted Nobody has to draw me any diagrams, especially the way this broad was fingering me I been in this racket a long time, and I've seen a getful of 'em This is the kind that believea in double-duty. She figures to get some kicks and cop a plea all in one stroke

But you're not beating this rap, baby I know the score. Bare rearends are a dime a dozen in my business So pant all you want, but you're not melting *my* ice cubes

She stares deep into me and makes promises with her eyes, but I'm not buying what the dame wants to give away, 'cause nothing's for free, baby. Even a private mick knows that You gotta have scruples So I ram down her throat and into her guts and flatten her She looks good flattened. I like 'em that way

This is the life of a private mick. Mickey Finn's the name, and you might as well know right now I got a lousy rep with the cops They've been on my tail ever since I went into business They don't like my brand of justice They like it all nice and neat, according to the books But when you see somebody getting a bum deal, it gets you right here where you live,

Continued on the next page

and you gotta take action

So I m a loner I walk alone. I live alone. I work alone. I sleep alone. I eat alone. Cause that s the way it s got to be when you re a guy in a rough business.

If you think I m too rough on the hat pastries like the one I just told you about get this. That dame was giving this guy a double X. She had him on a real trolley ride and wasn t even going to punch his ticket so he could get off if you know what I mean.

She picked him up down in the bar and buried him till he was loaded for bare. Then she wiggled up to her apartment with him following like an excited hound dog on the trail of a pheasant. She leaves him all wrought up jumping around the living room, all happy and eager and innocent, and she slips into the kitchen for a countenance with me to my office which is just about the size of a closet.

Mickey she says, you gotta help me. This guy has a big roll in his pocket and that s the only kind of roll I m interested in as far as he s concerned. Let us pull this job together. You give him a good punch and I ll grab his wallet. Then while you re holding him down we ll get him out and into a cab and send him on his way

I cannot say that this shocks me. Like I told I ve seen em all. But I am a student of human nature, so I wonder why she went to the trouble of getting him strung up to such a pitch. After all—a little bit goes a long way

She shrugs and grins a devil s grin. Well—you know she says, it s fun. Besides, I have a date with George later and you could call this a little pre-game warm up.

Well right away I get the picture. The thought of that poor jerk hopping around the living room really gets me. It gets me right here. No guy deserves that kind of lure. So that s when I make up my mind

When she puts me down in front of him, I walk up a strong smoke signal so he gets the message and does like I say. When the broad isn t looking, he moves me over in front of her and takes her drink for himself. It is the old switcheroo and I m ready to go to work. That s when I let her have it.

In this business, you gotta be strong enough to deal out justice the way you see it no matter who tries to make you the patsy

That s the way it is with me—Mickey Finn, private nick. Like I say I m a loner I walk alone I live alone I sleep alone I eat alone I work alone

Sometimes it gets lonely

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LIQUID MANHUNT!

Don't touch that glass! It's a snare set by a woman on a manhunt!

HUNTING HAS customarily been thought of as a masculine pursuit, and what a sad mistake this smug thought has been. The world around us is loaded with females who are full-time hunters, twenty-four hours a day. Their quarry: Men. Their methods extremely polished. Their motives many.

A woman may decide to go on a manhunt for any of several reasons. For one, the guy may be loaded with money, and this alone is enough to set some women all a quiver. For another, he may have been so preoccupied with some other delightful creature that he has failed to notice her own meaningful, yearning glances and suggestive tones. She becomes hell-bent on making a conquest, to prove herself. But most of all, a woman starts stalking when she has spotted big game that she wants to turn into a permanent trophy over her fireplace—in short, (sob) a husband.

With her woman's instinct and a little careful observation of her sisters at work, she has quickly realized that her best ammunition is liquor. And the object of the game is not to load her weapon (herself), but to load her victim. Once she has him stunned, she can move in quickly for the kill.

Thus it is that many a man who succumbed to the blandishments of a ravishing creature plying him with drinks, has found himself awakening the next morning in a strange hotel room lying next to a spectacular nude woman, all of which is just ducky until he reads the marriage license lying on the bedside table. His name is on it, written in a pitiful, drunken scrawl. It is a shattering experience, from which he may not be able to recover for the rest of his days. The smug-looking female will see that he stays firmly glued to her mantelpiece.

So listen to me, brothers. When next a beautiful woman coaxes you to her lair, and extends a superbly-chilled cocktail in her soft, white hand, THINK!—Or be prepared to thwim in the sea of matrimony.

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